heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my father, and all the rest are his sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth shee, which of these heires is *Paris* my husband? the forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laught that it past.

Cres. So let it now for it has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Wel cozen I tould you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cres. So I doe.

Pan. Ile be sworne tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his teares an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shall we stand vp here and see them as they passe toward Ilion, good Neece do, sweete Neece *Cresseida.*

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here wee may see most brauely, ile tell you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the rest. *Enter Æneas.*

Cres. Speake not so lowde.

Pan. Thats *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hees one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troylus*, you shal see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. Thats *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's man good enough, hees one o'th soundest iudgements in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person, when comes *Troylus*, ile shew you *Troylus* anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at mee.

Cres. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do the rich shall haue more. *Enter Hector.*

Pan. Thats *Hector*, that, that, looke you that, there's a fellow! goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*, looke how hee lookes, theres a countenance, is't not a braue man?

Cres. O a braue man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida* (STC 22331) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH